

## THIRSTING FOR A VICTIM.

Frenzied Anarchists Went to Hang a Reporter—Vengeance Called for and Murderer Advocated.

New York Times.

That the murderous spirit of the anarchists of this vicinity has not been subdued by the hanging of four of their brethren in Chicago yesterday morning they took especial pains to declare last night. A meeting of a band of them was appointed to take place at the Labor Lyceum, in Myrtle street, near Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, at which Herr Most was to speak, but when the crowd assembled they found the door closed in their faces and a sentry there who told them that the Board of Directors had refused the use of the hall. They had proposed to hold an indignation meeting over the hanging of their brethren, as they delighted to term them, and with any such sentiments the management of the Lyceum was not in sympathy. Pocketing their anger as best they could, the mob turned down Myrtle avenue to Throop avenue and thence proceeded to Walton street, where they found Ed King's hall unoccupied. This they took possession of, or so many of them as could find entrance did, for there were more of them than the hall would contain. Herr Most was too large in his own estimation, for such a hall, and he said to them that when they could secure a hall fitted to his feelings and the requirements of such an occasion he would speak to them. Then he took his departure and left the crowd more disconsolate and angry than before.

The meeting was organized, however, with one Durr as chairman. Then the fiery, untamed oratory was turned loose in the German vernacular. Several superheated speakers, feeling more keenly the slight to their feelings by being turned from the doors of the Labor Lyceum in general and the managers of the Lyceum in particular. Seven of their brethren had been condemned to an ignominious death or imprisonment, in obedience to the demand of their sworn enemies, capital and its subservient tool, the capitalist press. They had intended to meet and express their sympathy with the orphaned children and widowed wives of their fallen comrades and their eternal defiance of the capitalist class at whose demand the lives of their brethren had been sacrificed, and the door of their wanted place of meeting had been closed in their faces! Such cowardice, such heartlessness they could not permit to pass unrebuked. They must demand an explanation and satisfaction. So a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions and present them at an open meeting of the Labor Lyceum with a demand for an explanation.

One Ackerman said that, in the hanging of their brethren, capital had for the moment triumphed. In cold blood and for a crime of which they were guiltless, their comrades had been judicially murdered. It should be their duty to avenge the death of their comrades. They must remember the orphaned children and widowed wives and bring them a sure and speedy retribution. The judge and jury, the prosecuting officers, and the sheriff and his deputies—every man whose hands had been imbrued in the blood of their martyred comrades should be marked for death. And to this determination every anarchist should pledge himself. If they were not ready to take this obligation upon themselves they should retire into oblivion and trample their red flag in the dust. This speaker was loudly applauded.

Herr Eisen made them consider the history of their progress in America and learn, if possible, a lesson from the events of the day. The anarchists had first intended to effect their ends, if possible, by peaceful means, and to that end had allied themselves with existing organizations of workmen. First they had tried the Knights of Labor. By their sentiments and policies were at first received with sympathy, but the capitalist press had made them the target for their fire, and the Knights of Labor in obedience to their masters, had turned them adrift. Then they tried the Henry George party. This man had held out to them in general terms flattering hopes for the betterment of their condition, and joining in with him, they seemed to be on the high road to victory. But George, too, bowed before the decree of the capitalist press on the eve of a triumph split the ranks of labor in twain by discarding them. Thus their labor for three years had come to naught. In the meantime their Chicago brethren had shown greater cunning and skill. They had employed the only argument before which capital could be made to cringe in cowardly submission—the argument of arms! Loud applause greeted this period. But they had acted all too soon. Had they waited two years, or but a year, the result would have been far different. And he would have them then remember that, but for the treason of Henry George and the continued assaults of the press, their brethren had not died. From all this they could learn this lesson: They saw what havoc a little bomb would do and they knew what terror the mere existence of such bombs inspired. They should arm themselves at once for revenge and for every life sacrificed in Chicago take retribution on a thousand capitalists.

Thus far the frenzy of the mad throng had been confined to red mouthing against intangible and absent foes. But the next orator, Franz Klein, happened to espy a pencil and note paper in the hands of a Times reporter, and him he construed into a tangible and visible and, in such a mob, defenseless enemy. Fairly livid with rage and passion, Klein declared that the capitalist press had brought upon their martyred brethren their untimely doom, and here was one of their hated representatives. The time and the occasion were apt for a lesson. Their meetings were invaded, and their doings and sayings reported broadcast. Was it not time to administer a lesson to these reporters? He did not know what paper was represented—it made little difference. Even their own German papers had turned against them, and where, on this great day, they had expected their sentiments printed, there was never a word to be seen. Let them remember the murder of their brethren, and then turn to the representative of their most despised foes. Four of their brethren had been hanged in Chicago—it would be a fitting celebration of this occasion to hang a reporter before they departed from the meeting, and he would like to be the one to fix the rope. He would drag him to the lamppost on the corner and string him up at once.

During all this furious tirade Klein was shrieking at the top of his voice and shaking his fist in the face of the reporter, who, in the meantime, sat as coolly as the circumstances would admit with his back against the wall, midway up the room with angry faces surrounding him. Two other reporters whose

identity was concealed, were down near the hall door, which opened into a saloon. No other help was within reach. The angry, crazy sentiments of the speaker had struck a responsive chord in the breasts of several of his hearers. Only some women near the platform showed any opposition to the murderous sentiment, and these made haste to leave the hall.

One Hineschler at this juncture said that he thought they should not wreak their vengeance upon a subordinate who was present only in the line of his duty, but single out the heads of the concerns such as he represented, the editor and proprietor, and kill them without hesitation. This suggestion seemed to meet with their approval. Then the reporter was escorted to the door, where Klein interposed to say that he had made a mistake to pitch into a mere reporter, but he would not rest until he had taken the life of a newspaper proprietor. He feared neither God, nor man, nor devil, and would as soon be hung as die in any other manner. Before he died, he vowed he would have a bloody revenge for the crime committed by the capitalists in Chicago. The man was not drunk.

## DIED GAME.

A Paid Assassin Is Executed at Wichita, Kan.

WICHITA, KAN., Nov. 15.—Lee Mosier, who murdered Hugh Lower in the Territory, a short distance south of the Harper county line, on October 2, 1886, and who was convicted of murder in the first degree at the September court held in this city, was executed this morning. The drop fell at 9:33, and in twelve minutes he was dead. The prisoner maintained perfect composure to the last and his only statement on the scaffold was to the man who adjusted the cap, asking him to tell Smith who had been his cell mate for six months "that I die game." The body was taken to an undertaker's office and viewed by thousands of people. It will be taken to Fort Worth, Harper county, and there will be delivered by Sheriff Hayes to the parents. Mosier confessed he was paid \$7000 for committing the murder.

## Corsicana.

CORNICANA, TEX., Nov. 14.—P. P. Powell, whose store was burned at August Friday, was insured in the Sun Mutual and Pelican insurance companies for \$3080. His loss will be small. This morning about 10 o'clock Jim Jones, an employee of the Hutson & H. Perkins Bridge Company, was killed while loading some heavy bridge timber on a wagon. A stick of timber slipped while he was in the act of sliding it over a wheel and striking him on the head killed him instantly.

The following suits were filed to-day in the County court: A. F. Stewart vs. St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway, out for \$300 damage to crop; I. Morgan vs. same company, same for \$800 damages; Sam Herd vs. same company, for \$300 damages.

## The Woman with a Hammer.

This is the season when people who are moving into hired houses are in many cases discovering how great are the ravages of fumes and fumes in the way of driving nails and tacks. A single feeble woman and a tack hammer will work more defacement to a house in a week than a professional decorator can put right in a month. Two women who dwell alone in an apartment will in a single winter spot every square inch of the place, except the ceiling, with tack or nail holes, while if there are three lone females in the family it is generally easier to tear the house down than to attempt to repair their ravages in a less wholesome manner.

Receiver of St. Louis' Fifth National. ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 15.—L. F. Stephens of Booneville, Mo., was appointed receiver of the Fifth National Bank this morning. It is reported that the grand jury has found an indictment for making false entries against C. C. Cicereus, cashier.

Failure at Milliken. Special to the Gazette. MILLIKEN, TEX., Nov. 15.—The saloon and grocery house of B. H. Poverty of this place was closed by attachment to pay run by home creditors. The assets and liabilities are not known.

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restores Gray Hair to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies the hair. No grease nor oil. A Tonic. Prevents hair coming out. Strengthens, cleanses and heals scalp.

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Write for Price List.  
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The BEST 5-Cent Cigar in the Market.  
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First Appointed Hotel in South.  
Commercial Travel Solicited.  
**Good Sample Rooms.**  
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## ELLA WHEELER'S LETTERS

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

No more unique, distinctive, and at the same time popular character stands before the people to-day than Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Born in a Wisconsin village some thirty odd years ago, when Wisconsin was not much more than a frontier state, without influential friends or family, and without money, she made for herself a name in literature which commanded attention before she was eighteen years old. To one who knows it in detail her history reads like a fairy story. Reared on a western prairie, she is an ornament to the most brilliant circles of the metropolis.

She had never seen an editor or literary person and knew nothing of the methods of getting into print when, at fourteen, she read her first production to the press. The New York Mercury published these childish efforts which were written in prose and under no de-plumes.

It declined the first poem she ever sent for publication, and the editor sarcastically advised her to "crush her ambitions to be a poet."

The Waverly Magazine has the honor to be the first to present the name of Ella Wheeler to the public.

Frank Leslie sent her the first check she ever received at seventeen years of age.

From that time to the present day she has never swerved nor faltered in the steady, hard climb toward success.

She never sent a manuscript in her life for criticism and never asked for aid or influence in her literary ventures.

During the last fifteen years Ella Wheeler has probably been the most criticized, abused, praised, misconstrued and admired woman in the literary world.

Without a particle of effort to create a sensation, everything she has in that time written has had the effect of stirring up criticism.

Her writings seem to be possessed of a certain something combustible in their composition, that on striking outer air invariably rends it with more or less of an explosion.

Her first published book was "Drops of Water," a collection of juvenile temperance verses. These were crude but filled with the dramatic enthusiasm which has so permeated her later work, and provoked praise and censure in proportionate quantities from the contending forces on the literary question.

"Shells," a little volume now out of print, comes next.

"Maurine," by many considered her finest work, and the famous Poems of Passion which set the literary world on fire, followed within three years of each other.

Columns of abuse and praise items ridiculing and eulogizing the latter volume filled all the papers in the country.

Some of her friends urged her to suppress the book after its first appearance, but strong in the courage of her convictions, she read the severe and unjust reviews through tears, not unmixed with smiles at sight of the golden coins which punctuated the comments of the critics.

Many of these dollars were spent in building a home for aging parents, and much of the halo now surrounding this remarkable woman's life is the reflection of the generous deeds of her early mooned life.

Milwaukee people gave her a "benefit" in May, 1888, when she was made the subject of a speech by a United States Senator and was presented with a china basket containing \$500 in gold.

Long before her happy marriage in May, 1884, with the elegant and cultivated gentleman who brought her to the east, her name was a household word and she was a welcome guest in the best circles of the great northeast.

To her rare genius were added unusual graces of person. She was a brilliant and tactful talker, a good dancer, and a general favorite with the old and young by reason of a peculiar current of common sense and usefulness underlying her enthusiasm in the good things of life.

She possessed many faults, but she was a devoted daughter, a faithful friend, an idolatrous wife; all the tender her poetic nature is now merged into a channel.

The vein of sensuousness which actuates much of her poetry runs through her personality, tastes and position, but is fortunately governed by a strong common sense. Her barbituric nature, she can adapt herself to any condition life may impose.

As a girl she brought much adversity upon herself from the severe criticism of the world, through too great a pleasure and admiration, too voluptuous and uncared literary methods, and hasty temper.

Time has cured all these faults save the latter.

The fair poetess is a perfect little pest when aroused, which is never out of her cause. An eye witness of her late justifiable storms, said to me she felt as if she wanted a lightning rod about her person at the time. In her own poems she says: "The lurked under the down in me."

Somebody has insinuated that she was a "good deal more of the time" but the latter has been more highly valued.

The wife of one of Wisconsin's most able king tells me that in her native state the gifted poetess was more beloved for her personal qualities than her literary attainments, and many loved the woman who would not indorse her writings. Her marriage she has published her book, "Mal Mille," a novel, a story, and remarkable work in its way, a new and advanced idea for which public is not ready.

Many a sermon will have to be preached to cover the ground Mal Mille has covered. Her poems have noticeably improved in refinement and strength since marriage. This is due no doubt to constant association with one of the ablest and most cultured literary critics of the day.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a delicate, vigorous physique. A casual observer would not imagine her over-tired, overworked, or over-learned. Naturally of a joyous and happy disposition she is subject to periods of melancholy. She dresses quietly and modestly and artistically in her work.

Literary circles of New York have seen her seal of commendation upon her work. She is received with open arms in the most delightful social circles in the city. Her benevolence is unique as her strength. A constant source of distress to her this regard is being compelled by her lessons of experience to close her book before the demands of the universe and limit her charities to cases which personally investigate.

One of her strongest characteristics is her deep religious faith coupled with intolerance of creeds. She seldom attends church services. The most implicit faith in the sincerity and truth are her cardinal virtues. The favor of kings and potentates could not tempt her to depart from her path. She is fearlessly and fearfully frank. She gains and retains more friends than she loses. So successful is her work that she has few if any ill-wishers. Being possessed of a faculty of discrimination, I attribute this to her success and interested pleasure in the success of others.

Mrs. Wilcox lost her only child, a boy, after one brief day of life. She is now making her home in New York city, near the Central Park, in a corner of rooms most artistically decorated.

WILLIAM J. B.